Table of Contents

1. A/N (again)
2. 1
3. 2
4. 3
5. Hey!

A/N (again)

I'm really sorry if you all liked the old one, but it kind of didn't make sense and a lot of things were left out. I'm going to keep this book but rewrite all of the chapters so far. I'm sorry if you don't agree with my decision but I feel like it would be better if I rewrite the whole story instead of edit each individual chapter in my opinion. I'm also changing the storyline slightly and overall I'm just trying to make it make sense.

If you want to contact me on discord, feel free to do so ---> Delrese#0023 (say you're from Wattpad though)

Again, I'm sorry if you don't agree with my decision but I feel like the story will be better this way. Thank you all for keeping up with the story even though I haven't been uploading since January, it means the world to me.

1

(This story is going to contain sensitive themes such as kidnapping, Gore, and other topics. There will not be warnings at each part, if you can't handle it, don't read this story)

3rd person: focusing on Ame)

America felt over his bruised face with delicate touches, as to not hurt himself even more then his captors had. Even though he was as delicate as a flower while touching his bruises, cuts, and marks, they all still burned with a fiery passion. As if they were fresh, but the reality was they were all about a day old. He laid on the thin blanket that was provided to him. Even though the blanket was more than he was sure others got, it didn't do much to keep him warm. So, he just used it as a pillow for the cold concrete floor that rested below his feet. He let out a soft sigh as he curled himself in a pitiful attempt to try to get *some* warmth from the plain white shirt that came to his knees. America wasn't short, at least by his own standards. Most people weren't taller than him. The only people who were were Russia, China, and his younger brother Canada. (Also USSR obviously) He was 5'8. About 2 days had passed since he was taken. The days weren't slow either, they were each filled with their own pain. Not just the pain of knowing he may never get out of here, but the brutal beatings he suffered as a result of one of his captor's rage.
Yes, there were two. One of them, the more dominant one, had been responsible for the beatings. The other always came to patch him up after or even just sit talking to him. Which made the situation even worse was the fact that he knew, and socialized with both of them before. The dominate one's name was the Soviet Union, someone the American despised. He was a cruel father to all 15 of his children, and everyone knew because they would come to school skinny, beaten, and some times with burns on the back of their hands. Although everyone knew, no one dared to try anything to stop him. Someone tried that before, then suddenly went missing in the days following up to Halloween of last year. America also

tried and was successful in getting CPS involved. Although, the USSR was able to convince them nothing was wrong. Ever since that day, America has had numerous encounters with ending up like the first person, but somehow survived them all. The more pacifist, nurturer type was Russia. Soviets oldest, and clearly more loved son. Russia always came to school looking normal, with no cuts or bruises insight. He also seemed to be the only well-fed one of all the 15 others. Even though he acted this way while America was in their "care" he sure as hell acted like a brute at school. A sort of bully if you will. But he didn't care about students' money or establishing status among the school, he cared about fear. The fear that would flash in his victim's eyes as he kicked them to the ground, and sometimes hospitalized them. All were too afraid to tell what happened, in fear of Soviet doing them in like the first guy. Both men were tall. Freakishly tall. Russia stood at 7'1and USSR at 7'11. The pair weren't the tall but skinny type. They were the buff, clearly worked out type which is what made them so feared among the town. (If you couldn't guess, the town they live in is shitty. Lots of corruption basically everywhere which made America getting kidnapped so easily.)

Said father and son had a sort of notoriety around the town. Especially among the high school students, because Russia went there. And no one was happy about it, not even Russia himself. It was known around the school the story of Russia coming here, USSR/Soviet union had just left the town they previously lived in due to the police attempting to get involved in what was happening with the 15 children at home. The USSR managed to throw them off his trails by feeding the kids, grooming them, and making them seem presentable until they skipped town. Then the abuse and neglect started again. Russia wasn't happy about this. The town Russia and his family moved to was a huge downgrade, meaning that the education, police system, and just the condition of it was just plain bad. Which is mainly why USSR chose it. There were a lot of bars, clubs, and things like that. Something he regularly enjoyed and the police situation would make it easier for him to get away with whatever crime his heart desired.

America sat with his back to the wall. Staring intently at the large metal door. He had tried screaming before, but even then, who would listen? All the kids have been brainwashed and it shows. Hell, that's how America got in this mess in the first place.

(Flashback)

America walked down the hallway with Ukraine. Some of the classrooms on the first floor where not being used, and became storage that was rarely used by the school. This made these classrooms a hotspot for kids to go to when kids wanted to skip, smoke, and do just about anything you can think of. The whole school had no cameras, (which made it easy to pull this type of thing off) just a few guards scattered here and there in the building. All of the guards were notoriously corrupt. So much so, that they would get kids to pay for them to not see anything, which made smoking, skipping, and things like that easy as pie. As long as you were willing to pay the usual fee of 20$. Which was pretty reasonable considering what is being asked of them. Ukraine opened one of the classroom doors and walked inside.
"Here it is, Amy," Ukraine said. America had been promised a kitten, but all he could see was darkness. America stepped closer and was about to take his phone out of his pocket before Ukraine interjected
"Wait! You might scare it. " She said with a slightly worried tone. America complied and put his phone back before stepping closer and reaching out for something. He could've sworn he heard someone breathing but then again, America was probably the most paranoid person in the whole town, especially after the whole incident with the USSR. He shook off his thoughts and turned around to face Ukraine.
"Well, it must have left because-" He said with closed eyes, slightly annoyed she wasted her time before he heard quiet sobs.
"I- I'm sorry, Amy-" Ukraine said before America was pulled into the darkness by a large hand and arm. He quickly snapped his head around to see who his attacker was before noticing red on their flag. He assumed it was USSR and attempted to get away.
"UKRAINE! HEL" America screamed before getting a large red hand put over his mouth. He licked the palm and bit the hand itself to try to get the attacker away and it worked because who he assumed to be USSR stumbled away and winced in pain. He quickly regained his senses and attempted to beat the USSR while he was vulnerable but that was a big mistake. When he walked over to the USSR that was curled on the floor in the fetal position holding his hand he

snickered and was about to kick him before his leg got grabbed and he fell to the floor. America screamed again and clawed at the floor before USSR got up and put tape over America's mouth. The USSR then pinned America to the wall with his back facing him as he put his left arm on the back of America's neck and took a revolver out the holster, putting it to America's head and getting close to his ear(?)
"I will not hesitate to blow your tiny pea brain out of your skull if you don't cooperate" He whispered as he put more pressure on the back of America's neck. America felt tears roll down his face as he nodded quickly, understanding his situation. He heard faint sobs and from the corner of his eye saw Ukraine on her knees with her hands on her eyes, crying. He would have almost felt sympathy for her if the USSR hadn't said the following sentence
"You did good, Ukraine, I'm sure you'll enjoy your extra food." He said as he pulled America from the wall and took the tape off his mouth, pointing the gun to his stomach and aiming up slightly, a shot that would surely puncture something important. America winced when the tape was removed as Soviet opened the classroom door and pushed America out of it. America sent a disapproving and hurt glare to Ukraine as her sobs got louder as she saw the disgusted look on her friend's face. Yes, she really just traded her friend for some extra food. Who knows what thee USSR would do to him? USSR kept the gun to Americas back while he told America to go to the nearest exit which was where he parked. America knew what would happen once he got in the USSRS car, he'd be transported somewhere where he would probably never see the light of day again and probably get beaten and tortured because he tried to save the USSRS kids from their own father. America sighed as he got into the backseat and he saw the USSR put the child lock on. They pulled out of the parking lot and were on their way to where America would be staying for what he assumed would be the rest of his life. A tear rolled down his face as he thought of everything he took for granted, his friends, family, hell, even the fact that he wasn't shot immediately. But he guessed that being shot would have been better than being taken away from everything you know and love, wouldn't it?

1690 words)

2

(Flashback continues)

America sat in the backseat of the USSR's car, sobbing silently. Yes, he knew he had to get his act together or else he'd probably never get another chance to escape, but it's not as easy as TV makes you think. Especially because TV doesn't make your kidnapper a 7'11 brute of pure muscle that is built solely on fear and aggression. America looked out the window, they had turned onto a street and were going up a hill onto a gated estate. America's eyes went wide as he saw the large mansion that had been abandoned for years prior to the USSRS family moving in. He quickly wiped his tears and started trying to get his breathing under control.
"My family will look for me, you know," America said with a slightly shaky voice from crying earlier
"Well, they won't have to look anymore when your body turns up," The USSR said turning the engine off and sitting back comfortably as if he had done this before.
"You're going to kill me?" America asked with wider eyes as he fidgeted with his hands
"You won't kill me, why would you go through the trouble of kidnapping me when you college killed me back in the storage room," He said quietly to himself
"Bingo. You're smarter than I thought " the USSR said grinning at America from the rearview mirror
"Yeah well... You clearly aren't because when the FBI comes asking for me once you get found out you'll be in trouble. Big trouble. " America said cockily, regaining his confidence
"Well, let's say they do find me out and ask for you. How long do you think that'll be from now? The better question is, will you even want to leave by then?" The USSR said with closed eyes as silence fell among the two. The USSR got out of the driver's seat and

opened America's door. He roughly grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and pulled him out of the backseat. The USSR pointed the revolver at America's neck as he pulled his head back. With the back of his head on the USSRS shoulder and the revolver on his neck in a threatening manner forced him to submit quicker than he'd like to admit Sweat rolled down the American's face as he was let go and shoved in the direction of the front door. The USSR locked his car and continued to follow close behind America. Once the USSR stopped to unlock the front door, America quickly made a run for it. He ran as fast as he could to the gate, making sure to swerve so it'd be harder to shoot him. He ran off the gated estate and into the woods. Now, this... This was a mistake. America didn't know about exactly how prepared the USSR was for this occasion. He was so prepared in fact, that just after taking one step into the woods America's leg was caught in a bear trap. He yelled in pain as he tried to get the sharp metal teeth off his teeth. It was like a shark's tight grip all focused on his left ankle, putting more and more pressure with each passing second. America continued to heavily breathe, the warm blood pooling under him on the grass. He tried to pry the trap off as best as he could but he knew that if he did somehow get this damn trap off his ankle that he wouldn't be in any position to make another attempt at escape, especially with the USSR no doubt watching him, observing his pain and getting off on it. Similar to a predator and prey scenario, only this time, the predator doesn't intend to kill you, only to rip you apart and put you together again. The USSR was in fact, right behind the precious little American the whole time. He let out a chuckle when he got behind America and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Well, a good thing for bear traps, huh? Wouldn't want you escaping now would we." He said calmly as he got down and removed the bear trap effortlessly.

"Why di-didn't you shoot me?" America asked breathing a relieved sigh after the pressure from the shark-like grip of the bear trap was finally released.

"Well, I couldn't ruin you too much before you even got inside now could I?" The USSR said slyly as he got back up, standing to his full height like a skyscraper over his vulnerable prey. "Besides, you'll

feel more pain than just a bullet when you're in our care." He said as he put America over his shoulder. The American was really in no position to struggle. The overwhelming pain from his ankle was surely going to make him pass out, especially because he's not crazy about seeing his own blood. But, the words that the USSR just spoke stuck with him. Why didn't he say my instead of our? Suddenly, it clicked to America. He's not getting just one captor, but two. The USSR walked inside his already open door and walked downstairs. America was sure to take in as much detail as possible, despite the fact that his mind was racing a mile a minute and he was no doubt going to be in much more pain than he is now. America noticed a child, peeking behind the living room wall to see what their father had brought in. America recognized the child as Georgia, one of his little sister, New Zealand's friends. America mouthed "police" to the small child as she quickly walked off, without making a sound. It was amazing, every step USSR took was another creaky floorboard but when little Georgia was walking, it was like she was light as a feather, as graceful as the purest white dove that has been damned with having such a brute as a father, truly an unfortunate series of bad luck, or either that pure little dove had to learn. It was no doubt that she did, with such a brute for a father you'd need to learn how to sneak around unheard, and unseen or else you may face punishment. Once the USSR finally got to the basement, he opened a large metal door with a key that was wrapped around his neck and then was safely tucked away in his shirt. He threw America on a dirty table that had claw marks littered all over it, there was no doubt that someone else had been in the American's shoes, the question is who? The wind was knocked right out of America when he was practically slammed onto the dirty claw littered table, which only intensified the pain that was going on in his ankle. A tear fell down the Americans' face as he saw USSR reach for a cupboard that America failed to notice. Inside the cupboard seemed to be towels, bandages, gauze, pretty much everything you need to fix most cuts and wounds. The USSR rolled up America's sweatpants on his left leg to reveal a bloody cut. You couldn't even tell where the wound was because of all the blood. The USSR quickly put the absorbent gauze on the wound, pushing down slightly, he had without a doubt been here and done this exact same thing before. Probably more times than he even knows. The USSR cleaned the wound with water and then pinched the

wound closed and applied what looked like tape (it wasn't) on certain places to close it completely. He then took some procedures to make sure the wounds were going to hear fine and wrapped it up. The USSR reached into the cupboard one last time to put everything back and then took out a long white shirt. He placed it next to Americas right arm.

"How about you change out of those clothes, America." The USSR said with a devilishly calm grin. America felt violated, and he hadn't even gotten off the table yet. The USSR's gaze was fixed on him, and only him, and this made the situation worse. He got up, all be it slowly and winced when he applied pressure on his left ankle. He ignored it as best as possible when he slowly took off his shirt. His face flushed, not because he was enjoying this, but because he was embarrassed. Having someone that could probably be your grandfather stare at you like you're nothing but an object to him, sent a wave of unfamiliar emotions down America's spine. He took off his pants and put on the shirt. His dark blue boxers were covered by the long shirt that almost reached his knees. He avoided eye contact with the USSR until he spoke up.

"I meant, all of your clothes." The USSR said with a grin that could only be described as sinister. America was shocked, so this is what he'd be used for. A personal strip show for the USSR's and whoever else's own sick demands. A wave of fear crashed over him before touching the hem of his boxers before the USSR interjected

"I was only kidding, you know" The USSR joked as he laughed loudly. America didn't find that funny at all, he just stared at the laughing brute, who clearly had a twisted sense of humor and an even more twisted mind. America put his hands at his side and looked at his clothes. Wait. His phone! The USSR never asked for it! That was his ticket out of here! He just needed to act normal, and react however he would without this knowledge of his phone.

"What're you going to do to me?" The American questioned as the USSR leaned on the wall.

"Well, whatever I like I suppose. Also, you'll meet your other buddy soon enough, he's not home from school yet." USSR said smugly. Wait, that means that America's other captor goes to school with

him?! With his mind racing faster than before America fell to the floor, gripping his head.

"This isn't fair! I didn't do anything to you! Why are you doing this?!" He screamed loudly at the USSR.

"You silly little pig" The USSR said as he got down to Americas level and gripped his chin, making his head tilt up and forced America to look at him. "You remember that day when the police came to my house? Asking to check on my kids?" America nodded slowly "Well, take a hint you stupid pig, that was your fault, and no one EVER gets away with a little stunt like that. In fact, I think you're in for a little punishment, ey?" The USSR said as he got up and pulled America up with him, only to kick him to the ground again. America stayed silent, as long as he could get his phone, he would be safe and the police would deal with the USSR and see this as only more of a reason to lock the brute up. America was kicked repeatedly until the USSR grabbed America by the collar and punched him in the face. Tears poured down Americas face as he couldn't keep quiet from the overwhelming pain that was now in all of his body. The USSR continued to punch America in the face until all he could hear was ringing, a loud sound that was only increasing with half-lidded eyes America tried to fight back by grabbing one of the USSRS hand and twisting it as much as he could but he couldn't do anything with the overwhelming pain that was in his body, he was finally dropped onto the floor and looked down upon, like some piece of human garbage, a waste of breathable air, then the USSR just left him here, not bothering to fix him up or even take his clothes. America heard the door lock and the creak of the USSR heading back up the stairs. America crawled to his pants and dug through the pocket, after not finding anything in his left pocket, he searched the right one. America stared in disbelief at his pants. He could've sworn he had it in there unless it fell when America was running into the woods? America didn't know, but what he did know was that he's going to be in a world of pain probably until he dies.

(Flashback end)

(2072 words so far)

3

America sat crisscrossed on the hard concrete floor of his new "home". If he could even call it that, home is supposed to be where you feel safest, but America didn't feel safe at all. He hated every second of this, the beatings, the names he'd get called, all of it. What's even worse is all of the false hope. He tries time and time again to get one of the kids to call the police through the little vent that's in the corner and leads to the living room (It's way too small for America to fit in, by the way) but time and time again they just walk away, as if taunting him with their freedom, then again, are they really free? With the USSR as a caretaker, you're bound to get beat at least 40 times in one year. At least he's not hitting them anymore, that seems to be what America's purpose is. He's happy that they seem to be doing better since America has been here but still... It's tough to think about one of their siblings betrayed him in the first place, and now he's just serving their father as a punching bag in substitute for them. Although America understood Ukraine's problem, he could never find himself to forgive her for putting him in this mess in the first place.

America looked at the small vent in the corner, eyeing it and wishing it would just magically grow so he could fit through and escape, but such miracles don't exist. America sighed as he began to tear up. He missed his friends, his family, hell even the school. And it seems not a single person is looking for him either, which just made him feel even worse. He's probably never going to get out of this anyway, there's no point in trying to beg anymore. America began to tear up, the chances of him ever leaving this basement was very slim, he would need to build trust within his kidnappers, correct? So, how would he make Soviet trust him? He can't. The USSR a very paranoid person, he doesn't give anyone details and if you press him for any, you might end up in a body bag. His temper is remarkable and when too angry he might just explode, so Russia would be America's best bet. Although Russia no doubt had something to do with America's kidnapping, he was more calm and lenient which is not how he acted in school at all Russia still would

be his best bet at getting out of here. America wiped his tears, frowning. There's no point in wasting his energy crying, it's not like it'll do him any good other than depress him further. America heard the creak of the old wooden stairs, signaling one of his captors is coming down to him. America hoped it wasn't the USSR, he had already beat the American today, hence his scratched up arms and legs, but that's the thing about being so vulnerable and completely in his captors care, he never knew who was coming down, or when.

America heard the large metal door open, and he immediately felt a shiver go down his spine as he saw the red, weather-beaten face of the USSR and those bright yellow eyes, staring him down like he's nothing but trash, a waste of breathable air. America didn't know what to do. The USSR was way more fit than America could be, especially at his age, so there's no point in fighting back.

America saw the look in the USSR's eyes, that insane, depraved look, and he knew that he wasn't gonna get off easy. He saw the USSR smirk, with those piercing golden yellow eyes and he swallowed, bracing himself mentally. The USSR approached the younger, grabbing him by the neck and holding him in the air, then pinning him to the wall. America tried to scratch his hands, but it was no use, the USSR's grip was far too tight on his neck, threatening to kill him if he squeezed anymore. America finally began to tear up, the tears flowing smoothly down his face as the USSR let his body drop to the ground, letting go of America's now sore neck. He gasped, taking in as much air as possible which made him cough a bit, he regained his senses rather quickly as he stood back up, staring the USSR in the face, hoping to intimidate him, even if just a little. It seemed to have done nothing but anger him further as America was grabbed by the neck yet again and thrown onto the hard concrete floor, him just laying there as the wind was knocked right out of him. America heard a chuckle as he looked over and saw the USSR standing above him, his foot raised in a threatening manner, the bottoms of his shoes where clean, almost like he bleached them, it smelled of it, at least. America heard a loud bang, which probably came from the vent in the corner of the room. USSR heard it too and stared at it, putting his foot down then walking away, opening the metal door, going up the stairs, and into

the living room. America heard USSR shouting from the vent, and he frowned, knowing one of the 14 (not including Russia) was about to get beat. He heard a loud crash, and loud sobs as the USSR probably repeatedly slammed one of the children into the ground.

"You good for nothing piece of shit! You were trying to sneak to the kitchen, weren't you? Well, I'll teach you a lesson, one you'll never forget." The USSR yelled at the child, America's heart dropped as he heard that, even if the child broke something it wouldn't warrant what was going to happen next. America didn't hear him take it off, but assumed the USSR had taken off his leather belt because he heard the sound of it slapping against his hand in a threatening manner.

"папа пожалуйста прости!" (Dad please I'm sorry) The child yelled, America wasn't able to make out the voice, since he wasn't fluent in Russian, but he understood what some of it said, the child's pleading broke the Americans heart as he got up and banged on the large metal door, hurting his hands but who cares, he was doing this to save the child, not himself. There was no use anyway, America was the USSRS punching bag but it seemed as if he had failed even at that job, considering the fact that he's hitting his own children. America heard more crashes and what sounded to be glass breaking and screams. He banged louder as he heard footsteps descend down the stairs. He saw the door open, so he backed up so he wouldn't be hit by it, and saw Russia with a gloomy look on his face.

"Why won't you help your siblings, they are children! nothing but small children who don't deserve this!" America shouted, yelling at Russia, who was a bystander in this whole ordeal

"You don't understand-" Russia began but America cut off

"No! YOU don't understand! You don't get what those children are going through, I bet he never laid a finger on you since you're to take over his little business, right? Little Russia! Watching his infant siblings getting spanked for crying too loudly, that's probably what happened huh? Some big brother you are, you're supposed to protect them! Not let them get hurt!" America yelled as Russia began to tear up, he knew he was a shit brother, but he couldn't do

anything, the USSR would take away the only happiness he had left, America. And now that he had America all to himself, and didn't want to share him, he wasn't about to let that be spoiled by trying to save his siblings from the inevitable.

America shook his head as Russia stepped in, America began to focus again, he needed to escape if he was going to help the kids, so he pushed Russia away from the door and ran out as quickly as he could, America tried to open the door, but he couldn't it was like there was butter all over the knob. He heard the USSRS heavy footsteps and ran upstairs and into one of the children's room, closing the door behind him and seeing none other than Ukraine herself. America glared at her before she started silently crying. She grabbed the bottom of his white shirt and motioned to the closet, he quickly got in, hiding among the clothes as she closed the closet door silently. America heard the door open and heard Ukraine speaking to someone. America heard the familiar tone of none other than the USSR. His blood ran cold as the closet door was opened harshly, the USSR scanning it before seeing America, scrunted into the corner. Before America knew it, he was back into the basement, but this time with ties around his hands that was far too tight to be comfortable, which no doubt was on purpose. America watched as the USSR got out a small pocket knife from his coat pocket, the blade staring America in the face, taunting him in away. America shook his head

"No no- please" America pleaded but before he knew it, his head was pressed into the ground, his hands behind his back as he was laid on his stomach, the USSR went to Americas fully healed ankle and dragged the blade across it, teasing him before stopping just below his upper thigh before stabbing right into it. America screamed and cried as the USSR took the knife out and started to make small cuts on each of his legs, America's tears clouded his vision as his legs burned with a flame of a thousand suns. He closed his eyes, tightly, trying to endure it.

1666 words, also, question, are you all alright with smut by any chance?-)

Hey!

Alright, so I and my friend made a discord server called the "cereal bowl" it's technically not mine but I will be posting some updates for the book there! So I'll create a link for you guys to join if you'd like! Also, if you're gonna be an asshole and try to raid it, just don't join. Thank you all for reading the book btw! sorry for the shitty last chapter, I had to redo it so many times and even then I might redo it later today, anyways join the server with this link and invite your friends :)

https://discord.gg/2nC68my